

# THE LADY'S

OR,

# WEEKLY



# MISCELLANY;

THE

# VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIII.]

Saturday, April 27,....1811.

[NO. 1.]

## KILVERSTONE

### CASTLE.

Those who here expect to meet with romantic fiction, dressed up in the gaudy and doubtful attire of modern refinement and duplicity, will be disappointed. The following little story owes its origin to one of the numerous calamities to which the lot of man is exposed; therefore it in general inculcates resignation to the will of Heaven filial duty, and universal love.

Possessed of an ancient paternal estate, Lord Audley, Baron of Kilverstone, dwelt in a village in Lincolnshire, exercising those virtues which render a man happy in himself, and a blessing to his fellow-creatures. The Baron had an only son, whose promising excellencies indulged the warmest of his parental wishes, and promised to the world a happy successor to Lord Audley, whose grey hairs approached the grave. The first vestiges of the Reformation had not yet

taken place in this kingdom; yet the good old Baron, from a mind enlarged with good sense and benevolence, had embraced certain principals dissenting from the Roman church.

In the neighbourhood of the village stood a monastery under the direction of the Abbot of Croyland; the chief of which was an ecclesiastic, who, from contracted habits of his education, had hardened his soul with every severity of superstition. Father Peter had acquired a bigotry of principle from example rather than judgment: his monastic learning not advancing his charity, had furnished him with censures and condemnations; and his aversions were more visible than his charitable compassion. Arbitrary in his principals, so he was arbitrary in his manners. The insolence of the church inflamed his bosom; and zeal for peculiar modes extinguished that essence of religion—universal love. To depart from his precepts, was to sin without measure, and amidst

a thousand good actions, and a life of uninterrupted benevolence, Lord Audley acquired the hatred and enmity of this ghostly father.

The influence which the religious had in those superstitious times over most families, their secret intercourse with the woman, and the rigorous mode they exercised to support their tyrannic authority, gave this haughty churchman many opportunities of instigating mischief towards his neighbour. His blind bigotry induced him to think, that in distressing one who dissented from the Church of Rome, he rendered essential service to the God of all; and, through zealous frenzy, he devised a thousand treacheries, and a thousand snares, to oppress and injure the good Baron.

The seigniory was Lord Wentworth's, where Audley's lands lay; and he held them by knight's service. To this Lord the treacherous priest addressed himself; and, from a forged instrument, alledged to be recorded amongst the archives of the monastery of St. Crowle, in the isle of Axholme, in Lincolnshire, he induced him to prosecute a claim to the estates of Lord Audley.

The secret engines of monastic power were all put in motion on this occasion. The ignorant, deluded through their blindness into zeal, and consequently all his emissaries, were prepared as witnesses to evidence whatever they might be called to; for so far was he from modulating the sallies of passion with piety and virtue, wrath and persecution were the weapons which the holy father wielded with his consecrated hands.

Lord Audley, already enervated with age, was but in an ill condition to contend with the wiles of an artful priest; but his benevolent mind knew not the "canker which consumes the wicked."

He confided in the God of justice, and smiled at the devices of his enemies. But too late he perceived, that the workers of iniquity are not always corrected by the instant and of interposing providence. He was at length alarmed with the reality of his danger; his paternal bosom felt apprehensions for his son; his age was disturbed in the midst of its infirmities, and the hand of care grasped at his fainting soul.



Lord Audley did not long sustain the shock; death relieved him from all worldly anxiety. With filial and suitable devotion, his only son, Mervil Audley, laid him in the vault amidst his ancestors.

Called from his travels by his father's approaching dissolution, an utter stranger to the enmity and stratagems of father Peter, he took possession of his inheritance. The contest still went on in the king's court, which at last fixed the day of trial.

Some little time preceding this day, young Mervil Audley had retired to the gallery of his mansion, to meditate on the posture of his affairs, and to consider of Lord Wentworth's claim, which alledged its original to be owing to a forfeiture at a tilt in Catalonia, where the king's forces lay, and where the late Lord Audley's father had stak'd his estate upon the prowess of a black knight, who was vanquished, and fell in the fatal contest. As he walked pensive to and fro, on a sudden, behind him, at the further end of the gallery, he heard a clash of armour. Turning hastily, he observed the buckler and shield to shake, which once his great ancestor, Moreland Audley,

wore, and in which, in palestine, he testified his valour to the Saracens. He regarded the event as accidental, and pursued his melancholy walk. Hearing the sound again, he looked up, and perceived the coat of mail to tremble on the crooks where it hung, and the gauntlet moved as if it beckoned him.

"This is no common circumstance," cries he. "Let me discover the occasion of that trouble in these arms, which, with their owner, have long been at rest."

He ascended a few steps, and began to handle the armour, when he distinguished, within the breast-plate, a light like the faint rays which glow worms shed towards evening. Advancing farther, he discovered that the beams proceeded from a small onyx cross, which hung concealed by the armour, suspended by a golden chain from the collar. This unexpected acquisition threw him, for a moment, into surprise.—Strange it was, he thought, that such a gem should remain for ages undistinguished, and at the same time possess such transcendant virtue; for it excelled all he had ever seen. It was, as the onyx stone, shadowy, round, and variegated;

but around it was diffused a livid light: on its parts were various engravings, of mysterious or emblematical characters, appearing like the Egyptian devices, representing the attributes of the God of nature.

*(To be Continued.)*

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THE  
MONK OF THE GROTTO.

*A Tale.*

*(Continued)*

"Guardian angel! father! friend!" exclaimed Eugenio, hurried away by an involuntary emotion of enthusiasm, and falling at the feet of his uncle.

The good Cardinal raised him up, affectionately pressed him to his breast, and insensibly restored calmness and tranquility to his ardent and impetuous soul, by making him sensible of the necessity submitting of circumstances, even for Virginia's sake as well as his own.

"Be it my part to act in this affair," added he, "and my first step shall be that of instantly writing to your father-in-law."

Faithful to his promise, the Cardinal, on that same day,

sent a letter express to Torre Vecchia, with orders for the messenger to wait the answer of the Marquis, and to return it without delay. He then proceeded to the Vatican, and after a private audience of three hours with the Pope, returned to his Palace, employed several hours in writing, after which he desired Eugenio might attend him in his study.

"I am overjoyed, my dear son," said he, "that I at length have it in some degree in my power to fulfil the promises I have made you. His Holiness, in consequence of my representations to him of the unhappy situation in which you are placed, has consented to entrust you with a mission, which will inevitably conduct you to the path of Fortune.—Contrary to custom, he has added you to the legation of Cardinal Doria, my particular friend, who is charged with an important negotiation at the Court of the King of Naples.—Besides the thousand sequins attached to the appointment, his Holiness means to present you with a further sum of three hundred sequins; and, at your return, he has promised to convert the thousand sequins into an annual pension. Cardinal Doria, on his part, will exert



all his influence to recommend you to the King of Naples ; and I doubt not, through his interest, and that of his Holiness, you will obtain some distinguished employment at the Court of that Prince, which will amply afford you the means of supporting your rank and dignity. No obstacle then can present itself to your marriage with Virginia, if I am, as I hope I shall be, able to persuade the Marquis to consent to it ; at all events, it cannot be retarded beyond the period fixed by her father. Thus," added the Cardinal, "the only misfortune Fate can have in store for you, will be that of waiting a few years for the consummation of the happiness you hoped to enjoy sooner. You must set out for Naples within eight days ; prepare yourself for your departure. Write to Virginia, and assure her she possesses a friend in me who will not fail to watch over her interest, and who will neglect no opportunity of securing her future happiness and your own.

Eugenio seized his uncle's hand, and alternately pressed it to his lips and to his bosom. He endeavoured to speak, but the excess of his emotion deprived him of the power. The Cardinal, after having given

him a variety of instruction, relative to the station he was on the point of filling, dismissed him, and hastened to the Cardinal Doria, in order to concert with him the necessary means of assuring the fortune of Eugenio.

It was soon known at Rome that the nephew of the Cardinal Minister was to be joined to the legation to Naples. It was, perhaps, the first instance of such an employment having been conferred on a layman. At first, every one expressed his astonishment ; but soon the crowd of courtiers at the Palace of caprara increased, and Eugenio appeared more than ever the most interesting of youths, and was pronounced every way deserving the particular favour of the Pope.

The Count Vizzani suddenly recollected that the air of Naples would be of great benefit to his health. He resolved to visit that city, accompanied by his daughter, and hastened to announce his plan to Eugenio, who appeared charmed at the idea of the amiable Rosalia's being at a place where he had no friend, nor any one to whom he could converse of his dear Virginia.

The express sent by the

Cardinal, returned from Torre Vecchia three days previous to the departure of Eugenio for Naples. The answer of the Marquis was positive ; he persisted in his resolution, and assured the Cardinal of his perfect resignation to the orders of the Pope ; but he added that he could not suppose his Holiness would attempt to ravish from a father that authority which Nature and the laws gave him over his own child. He concluded by briefly repeating what had been already expressed in the letter of the Marchioness ; and protested that no consideration whatever should induce him to change his sentiments.

Eugenio, by the said express, received a letter from the Marquis, which announced to him the birth of a brother : he expressed himself in terms of satisfaction at an event which seemed to have overwhelmed him with joy, but he mentioned not a word respecting Virginia.

"Well, my dear uncle," said Eugenio, "you see this man is inflexible ;—but let him tremble if, at the appointed period, he trifles with my feelings, or seeks, by vain pretences, to deprive me of my Vir-

ginia. My vengeance shall pursue him to the utmost limits of the world !"

"I can excuse," said the Cardinal, interrupting him, in a tone of severity, "the involuntary gusts of a legitimate passion ; but I will never tolerate, either in my nephew, or any one else, expressions and menaces which only indicate a disordered brain, and a disregard of the most sacred duties, productive, generally of the most dangerous errors, and oftentimes even of crimes."

Eugenio, confused at this reproof, cast down his eyes ; it was the first time his uncle had addressed and thing like a reproach to him, but he felt the full force of it, and remained silent.—The Cardinal left him to his reflections, and retired to his study, giving orders that no one should be suffered to interrupt him.

That same evening, and the following day, he spoke to Eugenio with his accustomed goodness ; but his countenance still preserved that austerity which it had assumed at his nephew's intemperate exclamation with regard to his father-in-law.



*For The Lady's Miscellany.*

### HISTORICUS.

*The History of Cyrello Pudovano the noted sleep walker.*

A mind like Cyrillo's not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world and turn Carthusian, which is one of the most rigorous of all the religious orders in existence; it was however soon found that he spent the greatest part of the night in walking about, and that he undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. Being carefully observed on one of these occasions, the following circumstance offered.

One evening having fallen asleep in his cell, he continued immoveable for about the space of half an hour; then turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed most immoderately at what he conjectured had been spoken; then snapping his fingers to shew that he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person and made a sign as if he wanted snuff; not being supplied, he seemed a little mortified,

and pulled out his own box, in which there being none, he scraped the inside as if to find some; he next very carefully put up his box again, and looking about, with seemingly great suspicion he buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. Then seating himself again, he continued for some time immoveable; but without any seeming cause flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations which so scandalized his brother Friars that they left him to execrate alone.

But it had been well if poor Cyrillo had went no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagancies into guilt.

One night he was perceived going very busily up to the Altar, and in a little beauset beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity.—

It is supposed that he meant to steal the plate which was usually deposited there, but which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned:  
(*To be Concluded next week.*)

### ON A LADY WHO SQUINTED.

If ancient poets Argus prize,  
Who boasted of an hundred eyes;  
Sure greater praise to her is due,  
Who looks an hundred ways with two

*The subsequent Story of the OLD MAN and his DOG, cannot fail to interest the feelings, and will forcibly prove, that though Frenchmen, nationally considered as intrinsically savage, some individuals, of that nation, can feel and act like men.*

### THE OLD MAN AND HIS DOG.

A TALE—BY M. MARMONTEL.

“One evening when we were sitting at the foot of the bridge over the *Marne*, said Aristus, a man of the lower order of people, with grey hair, and a lame leg, and hardly able to get on with the help of a stick, passed before us, followed by a young water-spaniel, and said to the woman in whose company I was: ‘*Ladies, will you buy my dog?*’ As each of them had her own, and as his was not of the kind women are fond of, they answered, they did not want one.

“Then coming up to me, he said in a more pressing tone of intreaty: ‘*Do, Sir, buy my dog.*’ ‘I would have bought it instantly,’ said Juliet. ‘This amiable movement ought, I must confess, Miss, to have preceded reflection; but kindness is not so active a sentiment in every heart as it is in yours. My first word was a

refusal, softened however by all the respect due to the unfortunate.’

“The old man stood for a moment motionless before me; he cast on me a look of sadness, and left me discontented with myself.

“As he walked slowly up the bridge, I had time to discover the cause of the confused reproach conveyed by his eyes, and repeated by my own heart. At the very same instant I recollected that my friend, the Count de C—— had lost a dog he was very fond of: As I tho’t the capacity of a water-spaniel was not inferior to the sagacity of the Siberian dog my friend had lost, I determined he should have it, and called back the old man.

“What do you ask for your dog? said I. ‘What you please,’ said he. Here, Miss, it would be easy to make myself appear liberal, by embellishing the truth; but I rather chuse to confess that I was not very generous. I was not rich, and a piece of six livres was all I had about me at that moment. I offered it to him; he accepted it without any marks of repugnance, and said, when he received it, ‘*The dog is*



yours.' 'But,' said I, 'he will get away; I have no string to lead him by.' 'It is however necessary to have one,' said he 'for otherwise he would follow me.' Then undoing his garter, he called his dog, took it in his arms, and set it upon the balustrade of the bridge. 'You make me shudder,' said Juliet, 'it fell into the water.' 'Don't be afraid, Miss, the dog did not fall; it let its master put his garter round its neck, and I perceived that, while tying it, the old man's hand trembled. This I attributed to age for his countenance, which I observed attentively, did not change. But when he had tied the knot, I saw him let his head fall upon his dog, and hiding his forehead in its rough hair, and with his mouth glewed to its body, he hung over it for some minutes mute and motionless.

"I stepped up to him.— 'What is the matter friend?' said I. 'Nothing,' said he, lifting up his head; 'it will soon be over.' And I saw his face all bathed in tears. 'You seem to feel a great deal of regret at parting with your dog.' 'Alas! yes, he is the only friend I had in the world. We never were asunder. It was he who guarded me when I was

asleep on the road; and when he saw me suffering and forsaken, the poor beast pitied me, and comforted me with his caresses. 'He loved me so much, that I can do no less than love him. But all this signifies nothing, Sir, the dog is yours. And then he gave me the end of the garter he had tied round its neck. 'You must suppose me very cruel, if you think me capable of depriving you of a faithful friend, and of the only one you have in the world.' He did not insist any longer; but he wanted to return me the miserable crown. I told him to keep the crown and the dog, and at last got the better of his resistance. Then I saw his knees bend.— 'Oh! Sir, I owe you my life; it is hunger that has reduced me to this cruel extremity.'

"From that moment, you will needs think that he had two friends instead of one.— I desired to know who he was, whence he came, and whither he was going, and what had brought him to such a state of infirmity.'

"Thank heaven,' said he, I lived fifty years by the sweat of my brow, and yesterday, for the first time, I suffered the humiliation of asking charity

I was a carpenter in Lorrain, and my trade gave me bread ; but an accident disabled me from standing up to work ; a splinter of wood occasioned an incurable sore in my leg ; I am going to Rouen to see my daughter ; she is an excellent spinner, and earns her livelihood in the cotton manufactories. When with her, I shall want for nothing ; but as I got on slowly on account of my sore leg, and come from far, the little money I had amassed was not sufficient for my journey. I have been obliged to solicit alms ; but as I do not look like a pauper, I met with little relief. I was fasting : My dog remained—— These words stifled his voice."

(To be Continued.)

An Irish gentleman, who is now recruiting his company at Manchester, says, that when he was on the Continent, he found fifty-three *gold assignats* in the *breeches pocket* of a slain French *sans culotte*.\*

\* The english of *sans culotte* is, *no breeches*.

#### ORIGINAL.

A *few* was lately much disconcerted at a police office, by a clerk inadvertently asking *his christian name*.

#### The SPECULATOR.

#### NUMBER XXIV.

SATURDAY, April 6, 1811.

IN all the ramifications of nature we may observe a perfect unanimity and coincidence ; not only, if we grasp with our ideas, the vast planetary system, but if we descend to the minute productions of nature. Every thing teems with instruction, every thing teems with amusement. If the splendid beams of the meridian sun fill us with awe, and astonishment, at the immense power of the creator, so does the modest snow-drop, which rears its delicate head amidst the frigid air of adversity sooth our feelings into peace, and gently draws from us an acknowledgement that the great cause of all things can bestow as much content upon the toil-worn and humble peasant, as upon the proud and haughty wielder of a sceptre.

Man gazes with reverence and fear on the stupendous mountains top, whose impending cliffs and inaccessible delves afford shelter for ravenous beasts of prey—where the midnight robber hides his detested form from the search of justice—where the tygar and



the assassin prowls in secret o'er the murders of the day, and add, by inward gnawings, to the gloom of their retreat. But with what delight does man behold the luxuriant valley—what a soothing sensation pervades his breast, while contemplating the cottage, half shaded from view by eglantine and honey-suckle—to see the smile of content, the consequence of industry and innocence, mantling on the cheek of the husbandman, while seated, in the evening, at a cheerful blaze, he relates to a beloved wife the expected success of the approaching harvest or the dangers of the chase. And when with enquiring eyes and open mouth, the blossom of love, at his father's knee, by his emotions discovers the inmost workings of his soul, and a certain presage of future goodness and virtue, surely then the philosophic mind must say—happy state of innocence—how preferable to the noisy scenes of cities—how preferable to the illusory and empty glories of a military triumph—how insignificant do all the false pleasures that attend upon riches and grandeur appear, when compared to the inward satisfaction, which this humble peasant now enjoys.

But to return—the sun rises and sets—man is born and dies. The former may please the spectators, with mild unobstructed beams in the morning, and having run his diurnal course without an intercepting cloud, at night retire with all the gentleness of beneficent majesty. So man may commence this life, with every smiling prospect of future happiness and glory—may astonish the world with unrivalled talents and with an unsullied reputation, and without a single touch of adversity, at last sink into the grave, beloved, admired, and regretted by all.

Shall I shew the other side of the picture. Yes, for altho' it is appalling, still it is true.—How often do we see the morning dawn, with every promise of a goodly day, and yet scarcely has it attained the zenith before vapors tarnish its brightness—storms and tempests obliterate its beauty, and the jarring elements, making even day "hedious," render the night horrid and tremendous. So in our youthful days, however flattering our prospects, however alluring our situation, misfortunes and misery may visit us, distress may overtake us, and not only cause our days to be one tissue of evil

and obscurity, but finally carry us out of this world, not only without the love of our fellow creatures, but force us to enter into an unknown world, with the anathemas and imprecations of every good man.—Whatever may be your prospects, or situation, rest assured that a firm reliance on divine providence, and an upright heart, will not only contribute to a contented passage through this life, but a happy entrance into the next.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

.....  
**VARIETY.**  
.....

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

.....  
**APHORISMS.**

He who travelieth hath need of wisdom. One may do at home whatsoever one will; but he who is ignorant of good manners, will only draw contempt upon himself, when he comes to sit down with men well instructed. He who goes to a feast, where he is not expected, either speaks with a lowly voice, or is silent: he listens with his ears, and is attentive with his eyes: by this he acquires knowledge and wisdom.

A man can carry with him no better provision for his journey than strength of understanding.

Let not a man be overwise, neither let him be more curious than he ought; let him not seek to know his destiny, if he would sleep secure and quiet.

Rise early if you would enrich yourself, or vanquish an enemy. The sleeping Wolf gains not the prey; neither the drowsy man the victory.

Whilst we live, let us live well; for be a man ever so rich, when he lights his fire, death may perhaps enter his door before it be burnt out.

Praise the fineness of the day when it is ended: praise a woman when you have known her: a sword when you have proved it: a maiden after she is married: the ice, when once you have crossed it: and the liquor after it is drank.

Trust not to the words of a girl, neither to those which a woman utters, for their hearts have been made like the wheel that turns round; levity was put into their bosoms.

Trust not to the ice of one day's freezing: neither to the serpent who lies asleep: nor to



the carresses of her you are going to marry : nor to a sword that is crasked and broken : nor to the son of a powerful man : nor to a field that is newly sown.

He who would make himself beloved by a maiden, must entertain her with fine discourses, and offer her engaging presents : he must also incessantly praise her beauty. It requires good sense to be a skilful lover.

He who hath a good supper in his travelling wallet, rejoices at the approach of night.

Where is there to be found a virtuous man without some failing ? or one so wicked as to have no good quality ?

The fire drives away diseases : the earth swallows up inundations : and death extinguishes hatred and quarrels.

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The following singular circumstance lately occurred at a small village in Yorkshire. A young couple, tired with the fond dalliance of courtship, (the time nearly two years) & wishing to enter into the holy state of matrimony, were, by their joint and mutual consent, on Sunday the 19th ult. asked in the church for the first time.

On the succeeding Sunday, as the clergyman was publishing the banns the second time, the young woman (the intended bride) rose up, and with uncommon boldness, and a very audible voice, said, " I forbid it." The clergyman stopped and interrogated her, when the heroine with a smile replied--- "*I love another !*"---Nothing uncommon at the present day !!

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*The proposal of a Man to shoot himself.*

A German surgeon, emulous of the honour lately conferred by the Emperor upon a Prussian of that profession, for his skill in the cure of wounds, has advertised, that by dint of indefatigable researches, he has discovered a method of cure, so efficacious and speedy, that for a certain security and indubitable proof of his own superior skill, he is ready to receive any wound with a sabre, &c. upon the cranium, the fleshy parts of the arm, or any other part of the body, which he pledges himself to heal within twenty-four hours. In the close of his proposals he insinuates, that if any great personage should patronize the undertaking, for the good of society, he should have no objection to *shooting himself.*

## LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, April 27, 1811.

"Be it our task,

To note the passing tidings of the time

On Saturday last, a Mrs. Riddell, who lives at the corner of Rector and Lumber-Streets, when throwing a tub of soap suds out of a two story window, lost her balance, and fell into the street with the tub, and was so much hurt, that her life is despaired of.

Philadelphia, April the 22.

On Tuesday and Friday last, four children were bitten by a Mad Dog in the North Western quarter of this city. The oldest of these children, did not exceed ten years, and the youngest an infant of 13 months!! If nothing can be done by Councils, we should hope a town meeting will be called—Self preservation is the first law of nature.

Cincinnati, March 30.

On Wednesday evening, one Nash, confined in the jail in this town, on a charge of Forgery, nearly effected his escape by dressing himself in the cloths of his wife who had paid him a visit.

On Tuesday evening last, was committed to the same prison, John Hart, of North-Bend, a magistrate of miani township, on a charge of having burnt the house of John C. Symmes Esq. in the same township.

Harrisburg, Penn. April 13.

On Sunday afternoon last, as two brothers and a sister, by the name of Hahn, belonging to Cumberland county were attempting to cross the Susquehanah near this borough, in a canoe, the youngest lad aged about 15 years, by some sudden jolt of the canoe fell overboard. when the sister, about two years younger, with a view probably to save her struggling brother, was likewise precipitated into the river, and both were drowned before any assistance could be offered them.

## Married.

On Thursday evening last, at Troy, by the rev. Jonas Coe, Mr. John E. Suydam, Merchant of this city, to Miss Eliza Lane, daughter of Col. Derrick Lane of the former place.

On Saturday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Moor, John M. Perry, of this city, to Miss Jerusha Sippers, of Mount Pleasant.

In Portsmouth lately, by the rev. Mr. Ballau, Mr. Thomas, Batchelder, to Miss Martha Muchmore.

'Tis thus that Hyman cracks his joke—  
A boax, a quis a bore!  
The Bridegroom's still a 'Batchel ler,  
The Bride is not "Much more."

At Catskil, On Thursday evening last, by the rev. Mr. Porter, Elisha Camp, esq. of Hounsfield, county of Jefferson, to Miss Sophia Hale, daughter of the late George Hale, esq. of the former place.

On Wednesday evening last, by the rev. William Parkinson, Mr. William Colgate. (of the firm of Smith and Colgate) to Miss Mary Gilbert, both of this city.

## Died.

On Monday morning last, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoutenburgh, the widow of the late Isaac Stoutenburgh, esq.

On Monday morning last, Mr. Richard M. Laylor.

On Saturday morning last, Mr. Alexander Russell, merchant of Richmond.

At Boston, on Tuesday evening the 16th inst., Mr. Alexander Cuscatan, Printer, aged 26 years, a native of Londonderry Ireland.

At his seat near Tarborough, Edgecomb county, on the 14th ult. Col. Nathan Mayo, in the 69 year of his age.

On Friday afternoon last, after a lingering illness, Miss Mary Grenell, in the 15th year of her age.

On Tuesday last, after a lingering illness, Capt. Francis Hill.

At Baltimore, John Wetherburn, esq. President of the Mechanics bank.





"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,  
The Muses sung in strains alternate."

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*From the Philadelphia Repertory.*

### HYMN.

*(Concluded—From last week.)*

His bounteous grace sweetly whisper'd  
and told me,  
Oh, sinner for the I this misery bore;  
To cleanse thee from guilt on the cross  
there behold me,  
While to the ground, from my body  
is streaming the gore:  
Which pardoning mercy exhibits be-  
fore thee thus:  
Though now I o'er death reign for-  
ever victorious,  
In the mansions of blessings eternal  
and glorious.  
Then swell the sweet anthem, for  
Jesus is thine.

I wept at the sight, and his love quite  
subdued me,  
I sunk to the dust overwhelm'd with  
the view:  
It restored my faint soul, and in grace it  
renew'd me,  
That conquering grace which alone  
can renew.  
My soul, when no more to his suffer-  
ings cleaving,  
Fast, fast the kind arms of his mercy  
was leaving:

He snatch'd me from ruin, that soul  
thus retrieving.  
Bade me swell the sweet anthem of  
Jesus is mine.

Arouse then my soul and his goodness  
relating,  
With accents of love fill my stam-  
ering tongue;  
Till joy in the skies the sweet echo  
creating,  
Lead angels to join in the heaven-born  
song;  
And when from the grave to the  
skies thou'rt impelling,  
To receive in the mansions of glory  
a dwelling,  
There millions of seraphs their an-  
thems are swelling,  
Shalt thou swell still the anthem of  
Jesus is mine.

VALERIAN.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

### A NEW COMIC SONG.

*Tune—"The Kinnegad Slashers."*

Oh! an Irishmen's heart is as stout as  
shillelab,  
It beats with delight to chase sorrow  
and woe;  
When the piper lilt up then it dances  
so gaily,  
And thumps with a *whack*, for to  
lather a foe,  
But, by beauty fit up—faith in less than  
a jiffey,  
So warm is the stuff, it soon blazes,  
and burns:  
Then, so wild is each heart of us, lads  
of the Liffey,  
It dances and beats *altogether* by turns.

Then "away with dull care—let's be  
merry and friskey."

Our motto is this—may it widely ex-  
tend;

Give poor pat but fair freedom, his  
sweetheart and whiskey,

And he'll die for Old Ireland, his harps  
and his friend.

Should russian invaders e'er menace our  
shore,

Tho' the foes of dear Erin may strut  
and look big;

Yet na hochlich a chub—they shall have  
it galore,

For Patrick's the boy that can han-  
dle a twig.

But, the battle once over, no rage fills  
his breast;

Mild mercy still softens the heart of  
the brave;

For of valor, of love, and of friendship  
possest,

The soldiers of Erin but conquer to  
save.

Then away with dull care! for while  
wiggin' so friskey,

Our toast shall be this—may it widely  
extend:

Thus blest with fair freedom, our sweet-  
hearts and whiskey'

Here's success to dear Ireland, our  
harp and our friend.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

#### THE LAWYER.

*Similis simili gaudet*—Phædr.

A knotty point, a lawyer had,  
Which no one e'er resolv'd;  
He try'd the bar and e'en the bench—  
They're all in doubts resolv'd.

At length he recollected well,  
He had one friend behind—  
Old SATAN had not yet bean ask'd,  
Though always in his mind.

Away the LAWYER posts in haste  
With briefs unto the DEVIL,  
Who soon resolv'd this knotty point,  
And added very civil—

\* Since you and I pursue one trade,

Oh! let us never part—

\* Agreed, egad' (the lawyer cry'd)

\* I'll stay with all my heart!

From that time forth the LAWYER  
stay'd,

And practic'd mighty well—

If it be true, as it is said,

That rogues thrive best in Hell.

J. R. *Pinchard*

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